



A NEW SONG CALLED THE CONVICT ON THE ISLE OF FRANCE

The sun in the east became far ad and
 When a convict came to the Isle of France,
 And on his ring was a ring & chain,
 And his country was the shamrock green

The coast guards stood on the beach
 The convict beat came within his reach
 The ring and chain did shine and spark
 That open'd the veins of the coast guard's heart

The coast guard towards him did advance
 The tears from his eyes they flow'd like rain
 He says young man I really think
 That was too's upon the raging seas

I belong to the Shamrock the convict cried
 That you belong to the Shamrock shore
 Condemn'd an exile I have been
 Because I lov'd the Shamrock green

The coast guard said I do deplore
 For the oppression on Eri's shore
 Altho the Magistrate is far advanced
 You will find a friend on the Isle of France

God bless the coast guard the convict cried
 That saved my life from the swelling tide
 Altho the night is far advanced
 You have cheer'd my heart on the Isle of France

A speedy letter sent to the Queen
 About the escape of the Shamrock green
 His pardon came by a speedy post
 To the absent they thought was lost

My pardon I have gain'd once more
 Now land on my native shore
 And with a grateful heart I'll cast a glance
 Towards the generous coast-guard of the Isle
 of France